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Florence," the "Seven Capital Sins," the "Dream of a Man of Pleasure," and "Nymphs coming to touch the Lute of a Sleeping Singer." His "Romeo by the Body of Juliet" is at the Belvedere in Vienna. His later works include the three pictures given with this article, "Leda," "Modern Cupids," "Cleopatra," and the pictures of which we have made special mention. The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* of 1869 says: "Makart is the Richard Wagner of German painting." The *Portfolio* for 1878 says: "Makart is imbued with the romance and voluptuousness of Venezia. He is, in fact, the Veronese of Vienna." But the critic, Mr. Atkinson, finds some fault with Makart's style. He adds: "It is more than doubtful if Paul Veronese had not enthroned 'Venice Crowned by Glory,' whether Herr Makart would have ever painted 'Venice doing Homage to Catarina Cornaro,' a grandiose composition, which, when displayed in London, was looked upon less as grave history than as phantasmagoria. The painter, as seen in the great Exhibition of Paris, becomes still more formless and florid when he emblazons the festive 'Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp.' It may be feared that this triumphant artist is hurrying to his fall. No amount of genius can pardon ill drawing, or excuse an execution which from bravura passes into effrontery. Herr Makart is one of those sensuous painters, nowadays becoming numerous in great cities, who, carrying to fruition the desires of luxurious living, decorate their studios up to the high pitch of their pictures. The door opens, and at once it is seen that the former austerity of German manners has given place to the allurements now permitted in the 'Paris of Eastern Europe.'" A German critic says: "Makart's color is brilliant, satisfactory, melting. Shall we ever be able to give the same praise to his conception and drawing?"

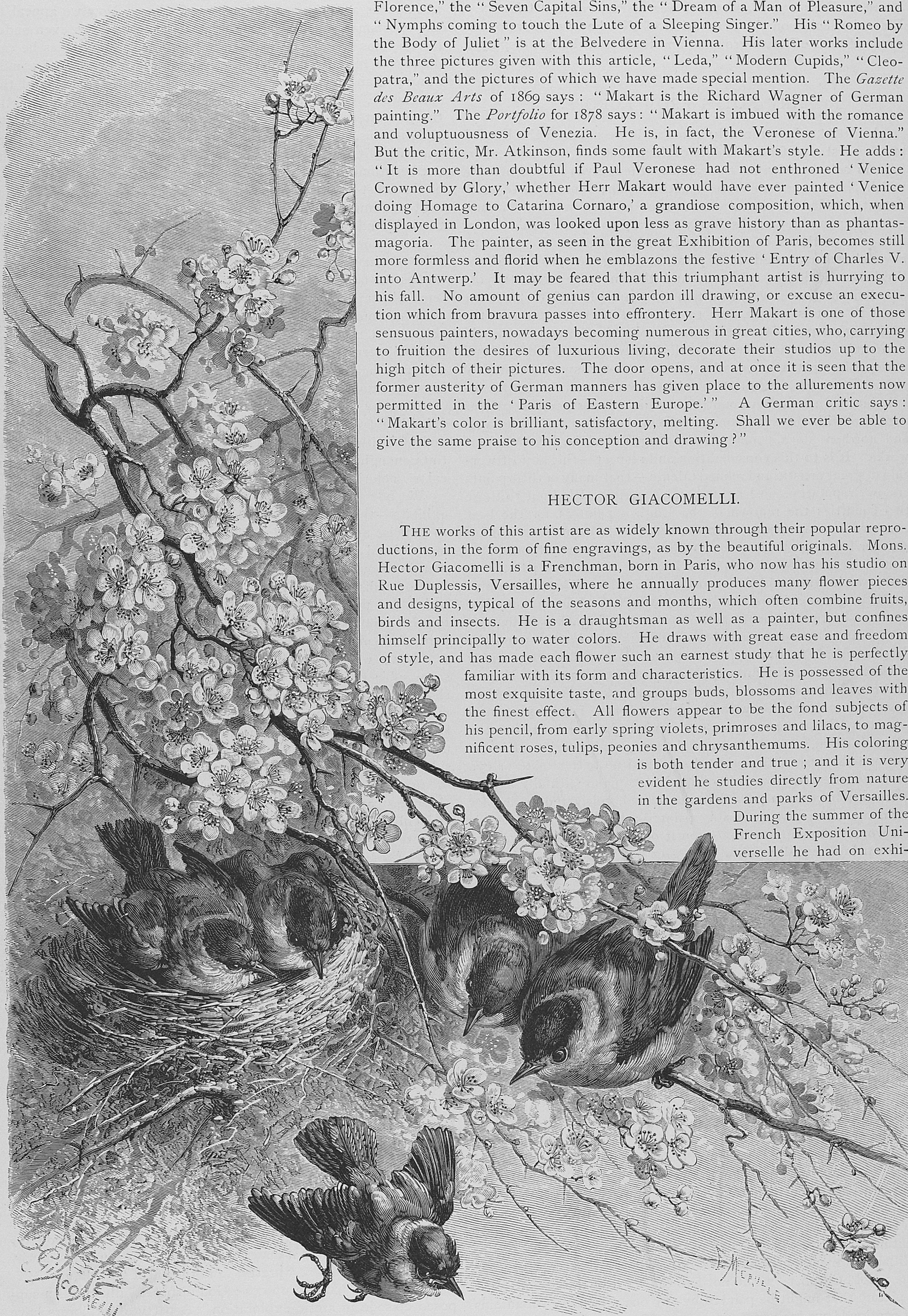
HECTOR GIACOMELLI.

THE works of this artist are as widely known through their popular reproductions, in the form of fine engravings, as by the beautiful originals. Mons. Hector Giacomelli is a Frenchman, born in Paris, who now has his studio on Rue Duplessis, Versailles, where he annually produces many flower pieces and designs, typical of the seasons and months, which often combine fruits, birds and insects. He is a draughtsman as well as a painter, but confines himself principally to water colors. He draws with great ease and freedom of style, and has made each flower such an earnest study that he is perfectly

familiar with its form and characteristics. He is possessed of the most exquisite taste, and groups buds, blossoms and leaves with the finest effect. All flowers appear to be the fond subjects of his pencil, from early spring violets, primroses and lilacs, to magnificent roses, tulips, peonies and chrysanthemums. His coloring

is both tender and true; and it is very evident he studies directly from nature in the gardens and parks of Versailles.

During the summer of the French Exposition Universelle he had on exhi-



THE FIRST ATTEMPT. — AFTER GIACOMELLI.

bition at Paris two elaborate flower pieces, called "Oiseaux et Fleurs," which won the admiration of all who saw them, on account of their effective grouping and the fine technique displayed.

ART NOTES FROM EUROPE.

A FRENCH lady recently asked us if we admired the English pictures; stating for her dislike of them that English painters are false in color, preferring to search in themselves for a sentiment which Nature renders more beautiful. The remark is to some extent justified by careful examination of their works. Pictures painted upon a key so absolutely contrary to nature could not be seen in any other section of the Exposition Universelle. But we have elsewhere noted with pleasure the great growth of the English schools toward truth and the more general studying direct from nature, which system they are pleased to term the "new;" that is to say, new to them. And without doubt the depicting of natural forms, lines and colors in contrast to the old Academic mannerisms was so delightfully fresh to the eye, and reasonable, that the apostles of the "new" system instantly gained favor, and a reputation a little excessive, perhaps, for infallibility. In no other country, we think, is a successful painter regarded with the same amount of consideration as in England, and nowhere do a people pay so largely for the luxury of his works. It is to this consideration and respect—this almost worship of great artistic and refined talents—that many of their painters owe reputations in England and America. We limit to these two countries the renown of the English painters, for the best even are entirely unknown and unheard of in countries speaking another language than theirs; while on the contrary the reputation of German, Spanish, Italian, Flemish and French painters is really world wide, and their works are found in all art emporiums in all the great cities of Europe and America, while one may live for years on the Continent and never see an English painting.

To the above-mentioned consideration and esteem of the English people for native talent are due the reputations of many of their painters, and among them we must place J. E. Millais, the broad leaves of whose laurel crown shrink again to buds when brought in competition with the great talents of the continental schools. We are sustained in our opinion when we look upon the "Royal Guard," dressed in an unpleasant, crude scarlet. Even if the manufacturer of the original stuff had no better taste or eye for color, the artist was not obliged to copy so faithfully a tone that must have been painful to his refined, cultivated feeling for harmony. The picture is ably painted; but for us the work is not worthy the important position it occupies. It is also rare to find a painter equally skillful in figures and landscapes as is J. E. Millais. He is entitled to a great position for that fact alone, though his landscapes do not entirely please. They may be good representations of the localities; but they fail to impress either in color, composition or manner. They are simple in a photographic sense; not in the simplicity of Rousseau or Corot, or Daubigny, who each render a poetic note of nature either in form, color or effect. But in Millais no one sentiment seems to strike sufficiently forcible to make itself felt in his landscapes. The large, graceful masses of foliage and lines of tree forms, the vapory atmospheres, were for Corot the simplicity of nature. For Daubigny the pale, opaline skies of morning, mottled over with delicate, rosy tints, a hillside or vale with dewy mists softening the harsher forms—strong foreground colors meeting the young day reflected in a pool whose tranquil surface is broken only by a few wild water-fowl—these were to him the poetic simplicity of nature. So to Rousseau nature spoke with many tongues, pointing him to the infinity of form and detail, to the vastness of the horizon, while showing him that above all else light and form were the key-note to natural harmony. And through these we recognize a work by either of these masters. In Constable and in Gainsborough we find much the same feeling, expressing those features of nature which spoke most powerfully to them. But to Millais no one thing seems to speak stronger than another. In the "Cold October" we do not find the spirit of the season. It is a picture that might be painted by any one. "In the Mountains of Scotland" we look across a marshy foreground four hundred or five hundred yards into the picture, to a gentle, sloping hillside, where among the luxuriant herbage a great flock of grouse, each

as large as a Christmas turkey, are feeding. Now we appeal to any sportsman if it be difficult or no to see partridges, even under his very nose, in the tall grasses? Why, it is as much as he can do to see his dog. But when the game is a quarter of a mile away! Landscape is not Millais' forte. "In the Passage of the Northwest," or, "The N. W. Passage,"—we do not know exactly the just interpretation of the title, and the picture does little to enlighten us, nor do we think it explains the painter's idea—the painting of the heads is strong, and the light and shade throughout beautifully managed. We have said before that Millais is one of the finest painters in the modern English school, and his portrait of Mme. Bischoffsheim will be cherished for the beauty of the lady and talent of the master long after both are gone.

Of all the works of Sir John Gilbert the "Arrest of Hastings" is by far the best. It is a pity he left illustrating books for painting, as the faults which were unnoticed in the small compass of a book illustration are now magnified to such an extent that the grace of composition and arrangement of color no longer excuse them. On the other hand, the harsh, crude coloring and false lights obliterate whatever there may be excellent in the picture. We have heard it said that Gilbert never drew from nature, and his works go far to prove that assertion.

But why should so many of the English painters imitate the faded beauty of old tapestry or the loud coloring of a church window? Neither are real. Has not the plentiful palette of nature tints enough, and of the most refined order, to satisfy the most caloric colorist or the palest dreamer in romance!

We now come to one of the most interesting of the English exhibits—that of the late Sir Edwin Landseer. We are reluctant to criticise an artist so highly esteemed—one who stands justly at the head of animal painters in England. We find upon the margin of our catalogue a note in these words: "Large manner, but too polished; drawing excellent, always decisive and masterly; too pretty, and lacking real light and shade; his feeling for the animals he painted was that of great affection, and he painted them with tenderness; his color feeble and made up; no textures; we feel no livelier interest than if looking upon the same subjects in black and white." Upon mature reflection we shall leave the note as written. One expression may astonish many who have considered Landseer as a painter of texture. We have only to point to a Van Marcke or Troyon to be perfectly understood. Many of his pictures are painted without due consideration for the fitness of things, something to-day inexcusable in an eminent artist. For example, in the "Arabs' Tent," a charming composition in which the principal objects are a mare and colt lying in a tent, the horse should be Arab; it is but a delicate English ladies' horse. The colt is an ordinary one. Above these animals are a pair of fine black-and-tan Scotch setters, dogs never seen in Africa. (Look at Gérôme's "Village Sentinels" for the true breed.) Then Landseer introduces pipe and tobacco, since Arabs smoke, but not short cherry-wood pipes; neither do they keep the tobacco in a large box. The only piece of truth in the picture is a few branches of palm leaves. There are a monkey or two, but we are not sure that Arabs generally are partial to monkeys. All these things might be overlooked; for an English horse and pony, Scotch setters, gray blankets, cherry-wood pipes may find their way to Arabia and Africa; but they are not native to the country, nor do they in any way inform the English people of the character of an Arab's household. No doubt the painter intended to tell how the Arab tended his steed; of the love for that animal surpassing that for wife or kin; of the great heats of the desert, when at noon no life is stirring, and all breathing things seek repose under the thick, impenetrable tent, awaiting the coming of the evening zephyr. Light scarcely penetrating the heavy stuff of the tent, all objects would be gray. The white horse would be bluish gray, the back reflecting tints of the colors composing the material of which the tent is made. Again, the animal would be delicate of limb, strong in neck and rump. But there is not the least indication of shade upon the animals, no more than if under the bright sun. And this is why we say the pictures are "pretty," and the effect "made up."

The picture "Man proposes; God disposes," illustrates a supposed episode in arctic exploration. A party of explorers have left their vessel in the ice, and taken to the small boat to push forward their inquiry. They go far—are lost—perish—and a few polar bears make feast upon their corpses, tear into shreds